

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE OF AN OFFER OF A  
CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script  
BBC-1 Colour

Project No: 02340/9271  
EPSISOE: ONE

DOCTOR WHO

SERIAL 50

"THE LAST ZOLFA-THURAN"

by

JOHN FLANAGAN & ANDREW McCULLOCH

Producer .....	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Executive Producer ...	BARRY LETTS
Director .....	TERENCE DUDLEY
Designer .....	PHILIP LINDLEY
Script Editor .....	CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON BIDMEAD
P.U.M. ....	ANGELA SMITH
P.A. ....	MARILYN GOLD
A.F.M. ....	VAL McCRIMMON
Assistant .....	HERMIONE STEWART
Costume Designer .....	JUNE HUDSON
Make-Up Artist .....	
Visual Effects	
Designer .....	STEVEN DREWITT
TM1 .....	
Sound Supervisor .....	JOHN HOWELL
E.E.O. ....	DAVE JERVIS
Vision Mixer .....	PAUL DEL BRAVO
Music by .....	PETER HOWELL
Special Sound .....	DICK MILLS

OUTSIDE REHEARSAL: 14th - 24th June  
30th - 9th July, 1980

CAMERA REHEARSAL & RECORDING: 25th, 26th, 27th June  
10th, 11th, 12th July, 1980

TRANSMISSION: Saturday, 27th September, 1980

DOCTOR WHO: "ZOLFA-THURA" EPISODE ONE

CAST:

DOCTOR  
ROMANA  
K9

CARIS  
DEEDRIX  
TANNOY VOICE  
MEGLOS  
ZASTOR  
LEXA  
GENERAL GRUGGER  
LIEUTENANT BRODADAC  
EARTHLING (& AS MEGLOS VOICE)

2 TIGELLAN TECHNICIANS (N/S)  
TIGELLANS (N/S)  
TIGELLAN MESSANGER (N/S)  
DEONS (N/S)  
SAVANTS (N/S)  
6 GAZTAKS (N/S)

\*\*\*\*\*

SETS:

Int. Tigella Walkway (& 2nd)  
Int. Tigella Central Control  
Int. Power Room Annexe  
Int. The Debating Chamber  
Int. Tardis  
Ext. Zolfa-Thura (and Laboratory)  
Int. Meglos Laboratory

\*\*\*\*\*

MODEL SHOT

Zolfa-Thura

"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 1: 'The Last Zolfa-Thuran'

by

John Flanagan and Andrew McCulloch

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

END TELECINE 1.

1. INT. A WALKWAY. DAY.

(WITHIN THE ORIGINAL  
NETWORK OF NATURAL  
TUNNELS AND CAVES,  
THE PALE, BLOND  
TIGELLANS HAVE  
BUILT A SOPHISTICATED  
SUBTERRANEAN CITY.

BUT NOW SOMETHING  
HAS CLEARLY GONE  
WRONG. THE LIGHTING  
IS WILDLY ERRATIC,  
DIMMING TO NEAR DARK-  
NESS THEN BLAZING  
TO BRILLIANT LIGHT.



SHORT-HAIRED, IN  
THE STYLE OF ALL  
THE SCIENCE-MINDED  
"SAVANTS", CARIS,  
A BOYISH HUMANOID  
GIRL IN HER LATE  
TWENTIES, IS  
FRANTICALLY WORKING  
WITH TWO OTHER  
TIGELLANS AT AN  
ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMER  
BOX HOUSED ON THE WALL,  
REPLACING BURNT-OUT  
POWER UNITS.

CARIS WIPES HER  
HANDS ON HER OVERALLS  
AND PAUSES TO  
READ A PORTABLE POWER  
GAUGE.

THE LIGHTS BRIGHTEN  
TO WHITE DAZZLING  
BRILLIANCE)

CARIS: (DIVING TO THE GROUND)  
It's going to blow!

(ONE OF THE TECHNICIANS  
COVERS HIS FACE AND  
DIVES CLEAR.

BEFORE THE OTHER  
CAN MOVE THERE IS  
THE BLINDING FLASH  
OF AN ELECTRICAL  
EXPLOSION. HE IS  
THROWN ACROSS THE  
WALKWAY.

THE WALKWAY IS  
PLUNGED INTO  
DARKNESS.

WE HEAR CARIS'S  
URGENT VOICE INTO  
A WALL MICROPHONE:)

Emergency, emergency! Burn out on  
walkway nine. Medical and light-  
ing assistance immediately.



2. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. DAY.

(THIS IS THE NERVE  
CENTRE OF THE CITY.  
ALL INFORMATION IS  
RECEIVED AND COLLATED  
HERE WITH THE AID OF  
ELECTRONIC WALL MAPS  
AND CONTROL CONSOLES.

ONE OF THESE  
INSTRUMENTS IN  
PARTICULAR, A LARGE  
THERMOMETER-TYPE  
POWER GAUGE, CAN BE  
SEEN TO FLUCTUATE  
WILDLY.

THE LIGHTING ALSO  
FADES AND BRIGHTENS  
HERE BUT LESS  
DRAMATICALLY THAN  
IN THE WALKWAY.

DEEDRIX IS A LITTLE  
OLDER THAN CARIS,  
BUT LIKE HER HE  
WEARS THE SHORT  
CROPPED HAIR OF  
THE SAVANT FACTION.  
HE SITS AT THE MAIN  
CONSOLE, VERY HARRASSED  
AMONG THIS HIVE OF  
ACTIVITY)

DEEDRIX: (INTO THE TANNOY)  
Medical detail despatched.

TANNOY: Air Purification Unit.  
One malfunctioning.

DEEDRIX: Open up air vents  
three to eight in Unit One.  
(cont ...)

(HE TURNS ROUND TO  
SEE THE DIGNIFIED,  
ANCIENT FIGURE OF

ZASTOR, WHO HAS  
QUIETLY ENTERED  
THE CONTROL ROOM)

DEEDRIX: (cont) (JUMPING UP)  
Zastor!

ZASTOR: This is no time for  
formality. (INDICATING THE  
CONSOLE) Please continue.

TANNOY: Irrigation levels  
holding steady.

DEEDRIX: (INTO MIKE) Thank you,  
clearing.

(HE BREATHES A  
MOMENTARY SIGH  
OF RELIEF)

ZASTOR: Well, Deedrix, how bad  
is it?

DEEDRIX: We can't control it  
much longer.

ZASTOR: (GENTLY) So much for  
science.

DEEDRIX: Without a detailed  
investigation there is nothing  
science can do.

ZASTOR: Believe me, I understand.

DEEDRIX: I've always argued -

ZASTOR: (WITH A GENTLE SMILE)  
That's certainly true!

DEEDRIX: For thousands of years  
our lives have been dominated  
by a mystery. The Pentagram  
belongs to all of us - not just  
the Deons.

ZASTOR: Their religion deserves  
respect.

DEEDRIX: Religion!

(HE PRESSES THE  
MIKE SWITCH ONCE  
MORE)

Control to walkway nine. Update  
on the burn out, please.



3. INT. A WALKWAY. DAY.

(THE EMERGENCY SERVICES HAVE ARRIVED. THE DARKENED WALKWAY IS NOW LIT BY HAND TORCHES.

WE SEE THE INJURED TECHNICIAN SITTING ON THE FLOOR. HE HAS AN ADHESIVE CIRCULAR PAD COVERING ONE EYE.

A TIGELLAN IS PLACING A SECOND PAD ON THE OTHER EYE. THIS DONE HE IS HELPED TO HIS FEET AND LED AWAY, HIS FACE SCORCHED AND BURNED.

CARIS IS WORKING ON THE BURNT OUT TRANSFORMER WITH A HAND-SIZED LASER WELDER-CUTTER.

SHE SPEAKS INTO HER COMMUNICATIONS PACK)

CARIS: I'm replacing the transformer. There'll be no power here for the next three hours. Now will they believe us?

4. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL. DAY.

DEEDRIX: (INTO MIKE; FORMALLY)  
Thank you, Caris. Understood.  
(TO ZASTOR) All this rather  
proves her point.

ZASTOR: How can we reinhabit  
the surface. It would take  
years of preparation.

DEEDRIX: Decades, more likely.  
There are better ways. But  
at least she has a rational  
plan.

ZASTOR: Which the Deons have  
declared a blasphemy.

DEEDRIX: You could overrule  
them.

ZASTOR: How long would I remain  
leader if I did?

DEEDRIX: (URGENTLY) And Tigella?  
Zastor, I tell you as a Savant,  
a scientist, one who works hard  
to understand these things, that  
our safe and bountiful city may  
well be on the edge of total  
extinction.

5. INT. THE POWER ROOM ANNEX. DAY.

(IN THE DEEPEST  
PART OF THE CITY,  
WHERE THE CONSTRUCTED  
WALKWAYS END,  
THERE ARE STEPS  
DOWN TO A NATURAL  
CAVE AREA.

LEADING OFF THIS  
CAVE IS THE INNER  
POWER ROOM WHICH  
WE DO NOT SEE.  
BUT FROM IT BRILLIANT  
LIGHT FLUCTUATES  
AND WE HEAR A LOW  
VIBRANT HUMMING  
SOUND.

IN THE ANNEX, LIT  
BY TORCHES AND  
ADORNED WITH SYMBOLS,  
SEVERAL TIGELLANS  
OF THE "DEON" FACTION  
ARE SEATED IN SILENT  
MENTAL CONCURRENCE.

BECAUSE OF THEIR  
CONSTANT EXPOSURE  
TO THE EMANATIONS  
OF THE PENTAGRAM  
THE LONG-HAIRED  
DEONS HAVE MORE  
GLOWING SKIN THAN  
IS NORMAL AMONG  
TIGELLANS.

A TIGELLIAN MESSENGER  
APPROACHES FROM THE  
DIRECTION OF THE  
WALKWAY AND WHISPERS  
TO LEXA, LEADER OF  
THE DEONS, A STRIKING  
FULL-FIGURED WOMAN  
IN HER LATE THIRTIES.

SHE RISES ABRUPTLY.



THE OTHER DECNS  
LOOK UP AS THE  
CHAIN OF CONCENTRATION  
IS BROKEN)

LEXA: No! Zastor is our  
leader, but he cannot lead  
us into sacrilege.

(TO THE OTHER DEONS)

Resume the Concurrence. I  
shall explain this yet again  
to Zastor.

(THE HEADS BOW  
AGAIN.

SHE BEGINS TO  
FOLLOW THE  
TIGELLAN MESSENGER  
UP THE STEPS  
TOWARDS:)

6. INT. A WALKWAY. DAY.

(LEXA FINDS ZASTOR  
WAITING FOR HER)

ZASTOR: (SEEING HER FACE;  
CONCILATORY) I understand  
your anger, Lexa.

LEXA: The Power is angrier  
than we are.

ZASTOR: For the moment it seems  
to be a little more controlled.  
And so perhaps should we be.

(THEY BEGIN TO WALK  
TOGETHER INTO:)

7. INT. A SECOND WALKWAY. DAY.

ZASTOR: These Savants are trying to help. Or so they believe.

LEXA: Belief! A word too large for their small minds. They're children ... wilful, ignorant and lost.

ZASTOR: As we all will be, Savants and Deons alike, if the power fails us.

LEXA: Why are we going to the Debating Chamber? This is hardly a matter for compromise.

ZASTOR: Lexa ... I'm an old man, with less faith perhaps than you. But I think you respect my judgement.

LEXA: Yes.

(THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT:)



8. INT. THE DEBATING CHAMBER. DAY.

ZASTOR: They have some proposals.  
They will not touch the Pentagon.

LEXA: They cannot even enter  
the Power Room.

ZASTOR: A few measurements,  
some calculations.

LEXA: Not even you, Zastor,  
can revoke the ancient Laws.

(DEEDRIX ENTERS  
FROM THE CONTROL  
ROOM)

DEEDRIX: And your "Concurrence",  
Lexa, can't revoke the laws of  
Physics.

ZASTOR: (INTERVENING; FIRMLY)  
Lexa, Deedrix! We must behave  
like leaders.

DEEDRIX: Then lead us by  
example, Zastor. Make a  
decision.

ZASTOR: I cannot interfere.  
I was afraid it would come to  
this.

(MAKING A SIGN TO  
AN ATTENDANT)

Let it be done.

(THE ATTENDANT GOES  
OFF)

DEEDRIX: Some new procrastination,  
Zastor?

ZASTOR: I knew a man some fifty  
years ago who solved the insoluble  
by the strangest means. He sees  
the threads that join the universe  
together, and mends them when  
they break.

DEEDRIX: A Savant? Or one of  
her madmen?

ZASTOR: A little of each. And  
much more of something quite  
different.

DEEDRIX: You've sent for an  
alien?

LEXA: Why?

ZASTOR: This problem needs his  
delicacy of touch.

9. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
REPAIRING K.9. -  
HE SUFFERED SALT  
WATER DAMAGE IN  
THE LAST EPISODE -  
ROMANA IS BY  
K.9'S TOOL KIT.

THEY CREATE THE  
IMPRESSION OF A  
TENSE HOSPITAL  
OPERATION)

THE DOCTOR: Small sonic screw-  
driver.

ROMANA: Small sonic screwdriver.

(ROMANA PASSES HIM  
THE SCREWDRIVER.  
HE MAKES A DELICATE  
ADJUSTMENT)

THE DOCTOR: Electro-pliers.

ROMANA: Electro-pliers.

(ROMANA PASSES  
THEM.

HE CAREFULLY  
TIGHTENS A NUT)

THE DOCTOR: Magnesium mallet.

ROMANA: Magnesium mallet.

(ROMANA PASSES A  
LARGE MALLET.



THE DOCTOR GIVES  
K.9 A RAP ON THE  
SNOUT WITH IT.

K.9'S EYES COME ON  
AND THE PANEL ON  
HIS BACK STARTS  
FLASHING)

THE DOCTOR: He'd better stay  
out of the sea in future.  
Otherwise he'll be in deep  
water.

ROMANA: It was hardly his fault  
that someone neglected to sea-  
proof him.

THE DOCTOR: Do you remember  
where I left his manual?

ROMANA: (PLEASANTLY) It's not  
like you to mislay something.

(SHE HANDS IT TO  
HIM)

I hope he's going to be all right.  
We'll need him in Tigella.

THE DOCTOR: They're not hostile.

ROMANA: The plants are. Lush  
aggressive vegetation.

THE DOCTOR: (FLIPPING THROUGH  
MANUAL) You mustn't believe  
everything you read.

ROMANA: The history books say  
it was the lush aggressive  
vegetation that made the  
Tigellans retreat beneath the  
surface. You must have seen  
it, last time you were there.

THE DOCTOR: It was reasonably friendly to me. Mind you, this was some time ago.

(FINDING HIS PLACE  
IN THE MANUAL)

Ah, here we are. "Post repair test questions". Can you hear me K.9?

K.9: Yes Mistress.

THE DOCTOR: Not the most promising of starts.

10. INT. THE DEBATING CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DEBATE IS NOW  
IN FULL SESSION,  
ATTENDED BY A FULL  
MUSTER OF SAVANT  
AND DEON LEADERS.

THE POWER LINES  
SEEM STEADIER  
FOR THE MOMENT)

ZASTOR: Savants! Deons!  
Remember the dignity of your  
high office. Have we been  
elected to squabble? If we  
cannot agree, we will at least  
have order.

DEEDRIX: I've said all I have  
to say. I'm needed back in the  
Control Room.

(HE GETS UP TO LEAVE)

LEXA: No! The Savants should  
be arrested for heresy.

DEEDRIX: And crushed to death,  
no doubt.

ZASTOR: Deedrix, you will not  
mock the Deon laws.

DEEDRIX: How can there be any  
respect for a creed that practices  
primitive sacrifice? (TO LEXA)  
Are you making sacrifices now in  
the name of your monstrous myth?

ZASTOR: Please, Deedrix.  
Remember where you are.

DEEDRIX: No. It should be said before all Tigella. This Power Pentagram is no God. It is an artifact. Engineered.

LEXA: It descended from the Heavens.

DEEDRIX: Not the heavens. From somewhere. It came from somewhere ...



11. EXT. ZOLFA-THURA. DAY.

(BRILLIANT BLUE  
SKY. AN EXPANSE  
OF DESERT. THE  
ONLY LANDMARKS ARE  
FIVE GIANT GUN  
METAL BLUE SCREENS.

GENERAL GRUGGER,  
LEADER OF THE BAND  
OF CRAGGY HUMANOID  
SPACE RAIDERS,  
BEDECKED LIKE HIS FELLOW  
GAZTAKS WITH THE  
ASSORTED FRUITS OF  
GALACTIC LOOTING  
EXPEDITIONS, IDLY  
PACES THE SAND.

HE'S USED TO WAITING,  
WITH A DOGGED  
PATIENCE BORN OF  
ENDLESS AMBUSHES.  
BUT NOW HE'S ALSO  
TRYING TO APPLY  
HIS SHREWD GIPSY  
MENTALITY TO THE  
NEW SITUATION IN  
WHICH HE FINDS  
HIMSELF - AND HE  
DOESN'T QUITE  
KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.

BEHIND HIM, BY THE  
GAZTAK SPACE-CRAFT,  
ARE THE SIX MEMBERS  
OF HIS CREW. THEY  
HAVE A PRISONER WITH  
THEM, THE EARTHLING,  
INCONGRUOUS IN HIS  
ORDINARY 1980'S  
BUSINESS CLOTHES.

GRUGGER APPROACHES  
ONE OF THE SCREENS  
AND LOOKS UP.

WE GET THE IMPRESSION  
OF ENORMOUS HEIGHT.  
HE RAPS THE SCREEN  
WITH HIS FIST, THEN  
ATTEMPTS TO SCORE  
THE SURFACE WITH A  
LARGE STONE RING ON  
HIS FINGER. IT  
LEAVES NO IMPRESSION.

GRUGGER STARES  
MOODILY AT THE  
SCREEN AS HIS  
LIEUTENANT, BROTADAC,  
ARRIVES, GIVING A  
TOKEN SALUTE)

GRUGGER: Well?

BROTADAC: Sand everywhere.  
Nothing but sand. The whole  
planet!

GRUGGER: (LOOKING UP) Nothing  
but these.

BROTADAC: "Bring an Earthling  
to the screens of "Zolfa-Thura"  
I never liked this job!

(HE KICKS THE  
GROUND.

GRUGGER CROSSES  
TO THE EARTHLING  
WHO SHRINKS BACK  
IN TERROR AND IS  
FIRMLY GRABBED  
BY TWO GAZTAKS)

GRUGGER: "Male Caucasian,  
around two metres tall."

BROTADAC: All right, we've  
delivered him. So who pays us?

GRUGGER: (BENDING TOWARDS THE  
EARTHLING) Shut up. He's  
trying to say something.

BROTADAC: It could be a trap.  
(INDICATING THE EARTHLING)  
Anyway, what does he know?

EARTHLING: (VERY FRIGHTENED)  
Nothing. I don't know anything.  
What have I done.

GRUGGER: Nobody knows anything.

EARTHLING: Why me?

GRUGGER: Why any of us?  
You think I do this through  
choice. (TO BROTADAC) Better  
give him another one.

(BROTADAC TAKES  
OUT A SMALL CYLINDER  
AND PRESSES IT  
AGAINST THE SIDE  
OF THE PROTESTING  
EARTHLING'S NECK.

IT DEPOSITS A  
BRIGHTLY COLOURED  
DISK ABOUT THE SIZE  
OF A TWO PENCE PIECE,  
WHICH ADHERES TO  
THE JUGULAR.

THE EARTHLING  
BECOMES STILL  
AND DROWSY.

DURING THIS:)

The message was genuine -  
we'll wait.

BROTADAC: Genuine? We don't even know who sent it. Let's kill him and go.

GRUGGER: Let's think for a change. (INDICATING THE EARTHLING) Now why would you send across the Galaxy for a thing like that.

(SUDDENLY THE WHOLE GROUND SHAKES.

THE GAZTAKS  
INSTINCTIVELY  
REACH FOR THEIR  
WEAPONS. EVEN  
GRUGGER LOOKS  
STARTLED)



12. EXT. ZOLFA-THURA. (MODEL) DAY.

(FROM THE GROUND,  
BENEATH THE SAND,  
THE ROOF OF MEGLOS' S  
LABORATORY EMERGES.

THE LABORATORY IS  
CIRCULAR, AND  
OCCUPIES THE CENTRAL  
SPACE BETWEEN THE  
SCREENS.

THROUGH ITS VIEW  
WINDOWS, AND THROUGH  
THE DOORWAY WHICH  
NOW SLIDES OPEN  
OF ITS OWN ACCORD,  
WE GLIMPSE A  
GLEAMING HIGH-TECH  
INTERIOR)

13. EXT. ZOLFA-THURA AND LAB. DAY.

(THERE IS A MOMENT  
OF SILENCE.)

THE GAZTAKS TRAIN  
THEIR ASSORTED  
WEAPONRY ON THE  
DOORWAY.

NO-ONE COMES OUT.

GRUGGER MOVES  
SLOWLY TOWARDS  
THE DOOR)

BROTADAC: Don't! It must be  
a trap.

GRUGGER: Shut up. Follow me.

(THEY GO THROUGH  
THE DOORWAY)

14. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY.  
DAY.

(GLEAMING FUTURISTIC:  
BANKS OF SILENT  
COMPUTERS, VIDEO  
SCREENS, CONTROL  
PANELS.

THERE ARE NO SIGNS  
OF ANY INHABITANTS.  
THERE IS HOWEVER  
A BRILLIANT GREEN  
CACTUS-TYPE PLANT  
AT THE FAR END.

GRUGGER ENTERS  
FOLLOWED BY BROTADAC.  
THEY LOOK AROUND.  
BROTADAC PICKS A  
SMALL SILVER INSTRUMENT,  
THE REDIMENSIONER, OFF  
A DESK, LOOKS AT IT  
WITH INCOMPREHENSION,  
WEIGHS IT IN HIS  
HAND - AND SWIFTLY  
STOWS IT AWAY INSIDE  
THE MYSTERIOUS  
RECESSES OF HIS  
JERKIN)

MEGLOS VOICE: Arrival noted,  
gentlemen. Welcome.

(BROTADAC FREEZES)

Don't be afraid.

(GRUGGER ATTEMPTS  
TO SOUND A NOTE  
OF SCORN WHILE  
SCANNING UNEASILY  
FOR THE SOURCE  
OF THE VOICE)

GRUGGER: Who do you think  
you're talking to?

MEGLOS: General Grugger and  
Lieutenant Brotadac, I presume.  
Together with their band of  
fortune hunters. There should  
also be an Earthling some-  
where?

(GRUGGER SIGNALS  
FOR THE EARTHLING  
TO BE BROUGHT IN)

GRUGGER: And you - what  
are you?

MEGLOS VOICE: Forgive me,  
most remiss. I am Meglos  
only survivor of this planet.

(BROTADAC LOOKS  
QUESTIONINGLY AT  
GRUGGER. IN  
ANSWER GRUGGER, WHO  
HAS SPOTTED THE SOURCE  
OF THE VOICE, NODS  
TOWARDS THE CACTUS.  
THEY APPROACH IT WITH  
CAUTION)

Well observed, General Grugger.  
I am the plant.

(BROTADAC THROWS  
AN UNEASY LOOK  
TOWARDS GRUGGER,  
WHO IS TOTALLY  
ENGROSSED IN  
WHAT HE SEES)

A xerophyte, to be precise.  
(cont ...)



(THE EARTHLING  
IS LEAD IN)

MEGLOS: (cont) You've served  
me well. General Grugger -  
I now have a real proposition  
for you.

15. INT. THE DEBATING CHAMBER. DAY.

(THE DEBATE IS  
NOW IN UPROAR)

ZASTOR: This Chamber will  
yield to my authority.

DEEDRIX: You've lost it -  
delegated it to this alien.

LEXA: A Time Lord. A  
non-believer. Why should  
we trust him?

ZASTOR: The Doctor's good  
faith is beyond question.

DEEDRIX: Faith! That word  
again. What we need is  
knowledge.

ZASTOR: He brings that too.

DEEDRIX: We have it here,  
if you will allow us to use  
it.

LEXA: These squabbles go  
round and round. Nothing  
is decided here. I shall  
seek guidance from the  
Power itself.

(SHE MAKES TO  
LEAVE, BUT COMES  
FACE TO FACE  
WITH:)

CARIS: (ENTERING; HER  
FACE SMUDGED WITH GRIME)  
I have something to say to  
this Chamber.

LEXA: No!

(THERE IS A HOWL  
OF PROTEST FROM  
THE DEON FACTION)

ZASTOR: Caris has risked  
her life to save this city.  
I want to hear her.

(THE TURMOIL  
DIES DOWN)

CARIS: Even if we manage  
to restore The Power ...

(MUTTERS OF DISAPPROVAL  
AND SUBDUED OUTRAGE  
FROM THE DEONS)

... Or as the Deon's would  
say, the Power condescends  
to restore itself ... the  
food stocks will be destroy-  
ed. We will have to ascend  
to the surface.

(UPROAR)

16. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY. DAY.

(MEGLOS, GRUGGER,  
BROTADAC AS  
BEFORE)

BROTADAC: It's a waste of  
time. Let's get our payment  
and go.

MEGLOS: You Gaztaks pillage  
the galaxy. There are a  
thousand small maurading  
bands like yours. And what's  
it all for?

BROTADAC: Loot.

MEGLOS: A motley collection  
of trophies. How long did it  
take you to accumulate all  
this?

BROTADAC: We've done it all  
our lives.

MEGLOS: And you accuse me  
of wasting your time!

GRUGGER: What you're asking  
us to do is impossible.

MEGLOS: Impossible? Or  
simply beyond your compre-  
hension?

BRODATAC: There's only one  
way into that city.



GRUGGER: They guard that  
Pentagram with their lives -  
to them it's a God.

BROTADAC: They say the thing's  
too dangerous to touch.

MEGLOS: Really, gentlemen.  
I have considered the hazards.  
But your timidity worries me.  
You're not interested in real  
power. So if Lieutenant  
Brodacac will return my  
redimensioner we will conclude  
our business.

BROTADAC: What?

MEGLOS: The redimensioner you  
removed from my desk.

(BROTADAC LOOKS  
SHIFTY. HE  
GLANCES TOWARDS  
GRUGGER FOR AN  
INSTRUCTION)

GRUGGER: Fool! What do you  
know about mass conversion  
mechanics!

(BROTADAC PUTS THE  
REDIMENSIONER BACK  
ON THE BENCH.

GRUGGER TAKES OFF  
HIS SMALL ARMS  
BELT TO MAKE IT  
EASIER FOR HIM TO  
SIT. HE PULLS UP  
A CHAIR IN FRONT  
OF THE CACTUS)

I want to know a lot more  
about all this.

17. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
ROMANA ARE STILL  
PREOCCUPIED WITH  
THE MALFUNCTIONING  
K9)

THE DOCTOR: Bit of a nuisance  
if we have to reprogram all  
his constants.

ROMANA: I'm more worried  
about the power depletion.  
At this rate he'll need  
recharging every two hours.

THE DOCTOR: That's no problem.  
I happen to be an expert in  
power sources.

ROMANA: Tigella won't take  
long, then?

THE DOCTOR: Flying visit,  
a quick service.

ROMANA: What is the energy  
process. Baryon multiplication.

THE DOCTOR: ... something  
like that... They didn't  
actually let me look at it  
last time. Religious  
objections.

ROMANA: You don't know, do  
you. This might take ages.

THE DOCTOR: Maybe. If it's something really clever. But it's always nice to learn something new.

18. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY.  
DAY.

(WE NOTICE A  
MAN-SIZED  
TRANSPARENT  
CYLINDER  
SUSPENDED  
FROM THE  
CEILING. A  
SIMILAR,  
CACTUS-SIZED  
CYLINDER IS  
NOW SUSPENDED  
OVER THE  
POSITION IN  
WHICH GRUGGER  
IS NOW PLACING  
MEGLOS)

GRUGGER: It was made here?  
On Zolfa-Thura?

MEGLOS: Of course. The  
Tigellans are using only a  
fraction of its potential.

GRUGGER: Fraction? It  
powers their entire planet!

MEGLOS: Precisely, a mere  
fraction. The present  
fluctuations are part of  
its inbuilt programming.  
In its restart mode its  
present output will be raised  
to the power of five. Its  
energy could feed an entire  
galaxy.

GRUGGER: But that's impossible.



MEGLOS: Within your limited frame of reference, yes. Now, if you'll be so kind as to lower the containment vessels, I think we're ready to proceed.

(GRUGGER TOUCHES A  
BUTTON. THE  
TRANSPARENT  
CYLINDERS ARE  
LOWERED OVER  
MEGLOS AND THE  
DRUGGED EARTHLING)

MEGLOS: (FROM WITHIN HIS  
CONTAINMENT VESSEL) General  
Grugger, have I explained the  
procedure sufficiently?

GRUGGER: (AT A CONTROL CONSOLE)  
Yes, I've got it.

MEGLOS: Excellent. Then  
let it commence.

(GRUGGER PRESSES A  
PANEL ON THE  
CONSOLE.

THE TWO CHAMBERS  
LIGHT UP AND  
THERE IS A HUMMING  
NOISE.

WE SEE MEGLOS'S  
PLANT BEGIN TO  
WILT AND DRAIN OF  
ITS BRIGHT GREEN  
COLOUR.

AS THE PLANT BECOMES  
SERE AND WITHERED  
WE NOTICE THAT IN  
THE ADJACENT CHAMBER  
THE EARTHLING IS  
GRADUALLY GOING  
GREEN, HIS SKIN ASSUMING  
A PRICKLY TEXTURE.

MEGLOS HAS BEEN  
TRANSFUSED INTO  
AND TAKEN OVER  
THE EARTHLING'S  
BODY. HE STEPS  
OUT)

MEGLOS: (RETAINING HIS  
ORIGINAL VOICE) Thank you  
General Grugger.

(THE GAZTAKS LOOK  
AT HIM IN AMAZEMENT)

BROTADAC: I don't believe  
it.

MEGLOS: Now we must work  
quickly. I've intercepted a  
Tigellan message. They've sent  
for ...

(HE CROSSES TO ANOTHER  
CONTROL CONSOLE AND  
PRESSES A PANEL.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE  
DOCTOR APPEARS ON A  
VIDEO SCREEN WITH  
PRINTED INFORMATION  
SUPERIMPOSED, E.G.  
NAME: THE DOCTOR  
AGE: APPROX. SEVEN  
CENTURIES.  
PLANET OF ORIGIN:  
GALLIFREY ETC. ETC)

... A travelling Time Lord  
whose travels I must inter-  
rupt. (cont...)

(MEGLOS LEANS OVER  
A LARGE CIRCULAR  
VIDEO MAP, VISUALLY  
LIKE A RADAR SCREEN,  
AND PRESSES VARIOUS  
CONTROLS)

MEGLOS: Now where is he?  
And when?

19. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
PACING AROUND  
THE TARDIS  
LOST IN THOUGHT.  
ROMANA HAS NOW  
TAKEN OVER  
REPAIRING K.9)

ROMANA: Where did you put the  
magnetic tweezers?

THE DOCTOR: (THINKING ALOUD)  
In a cave, a sort of shrine.

ROMANA: Where?

THE DOCTOR: Tigella, Sorry?

ROMANA: The tweezers?

THE DOCTOR: (FEELING IN HIS  
POCKET) Oh, here.

ROMANA: (TAKING THEM) Thank  
you. I think I've nearly  
done it.

THE DOCTOR: Perfectly  
understandable they should  
be in awe of the thing.  
Their whole way of life  
depends on it.

ROMANA: Oh, blast! Here we  
go again.



THE DOCTOR: (STOPPING)  
What's the matter?

ROMANA: Now his probe  
circuit's jammed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh that's easy,  
just waggle his tail.

ROMANA: All right, we've  
tried everything else.

(SHE MOVES HIS  
TAIL.

K.9. HIS LIGHTS  
ETC COMING ON)

K.9.: Thank you mistress  
repairs complete.

THE DOCTOR: Well done, Romana.  
You're developing a very sound  
grasp of all this.

ROMANA: Developing? I was  
fully qualified when I arrived.

THE DOCTOR: What do you know  
about the Prion planetary system.

(ROMANA LEAVES K.9.  
TO JOIN THE DOCTOR  
AT THE CONTROL  
CONSOLE)

ROMANA: The only civilisation  
of any note was Zolfa-Thura.  
They destroyed themselves in a  
global war and the planet is  
now a featureless desert.

THE DOCTOR: So now Tigella's  
all that's left?

(SUDDENLY WE JUMP-  
CUT BACK IN TIME)

ROMANA: (BACK REPAIRING K.9.)  
Oh, blast! Here we go again.

THE DOCTOR: (STOPPING) What's  
the matter?

ROMANA: Now his probe circuit's  
jammed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh that's easy,  
just waggle his tail.

ROMANA: All right, we've tried  
everything else.

(SHE MOVES HIS  
TAIL.

K.9. HIS LIGHTS  
ETC COMING ON)

K.9.: Thank you mistress  
repairs complete.

(ROMANA LOOKS AT  
THE DOCTOR. HE  
LOOKS AT HER.  
THEY'RE BOTH  
VERY PUZZLED)

20. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY. DAY.

(MEGLOS IS AT THE CONTROLS, VERY AMUSED WITH WHAT HE SEES ON THE SCREEN OF HIS CONSOLE - A SILENT VERSION OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

MEGLOS IS STILL GREEN, THOUGH PALER AND LESS PRICKLY THAN BEFORE)

MEGLOS: Flies trapped in amber. Not even The Doctor can escape from a chronic hysteresis.

GRUGGER: A what?

(MEGLOS PRESSES A PANEL AND A PICTURE OF HIS OWN - THAT IS TO SAY THE EARTHLING'S - FACE APPEARS, AS IF MIRRORED IN THE SCREEN OF THE CONSOLE. MEGLOS STUDIES IT WITH SOME DISTASTE)

MEGLOS: I've caught him inside a fold of time. A little local reshaping of the continuum.

GRUGGER: (NODDING TO BROTADAC)  
That's good. That's good.  
(HE DOESN'T REALLY UNDERSTAND)

BROTADAC: Makes no sense to me.

(MEGLOS BEGINS TO  
PULL AT THE STILL  
GREENISH SKIN OF  
HIS FACE, CAREFULLY  
WATCHING THE EFFECT  
IN THE "MIRROR")

MEGLOS: (PATIENTLY) His only  
respice is the short period  
when he loops back to the start.  
Whatever he does he will always  
return to that point.

GRUGGER: Round and round for  
all eternity!

MEGLOS: An appropriate demise,  
don't you think - for a Time  
Lord?



21. INT. THE TARDIS. NO TIME.

(WE JOIN AT THE  
START OF THE  
TRACK)

ROMANA: Oh, blast! Here  
we go again.

THE DOCTOR: What's the matter?

ROMANA: Now his probe circuit's  
jammed.

THE DOCTOR: Oh that's easy  
just waggle his tail.

ROMANA: All right, we've tried  
everything else.

(SHE MOVES HIS  
TAIL.

K.9. HIS LIGHTS  
ETC COMING ON)

K.9.: Thank you mistress,  
repairs complete.

THE DOCTOR: That's the third  
time. What's happening?

ROMANA: (DASHING TO THE  
CONTROLS) The Tardis appears  
to be functioning normally.

THE DOCTOR: Then what? Repeated  
time cycles? Couldn't be a  
chronic hysteresis, could it?

ROMANA: A what?

THE DOCTOR: I hope not. If  
it is we'll be stuck here for  
ever.

(WE JUMP CUT BACK)

ROMANA: Oh, blast! Here we  
go again.

22. INT. THE MEGLOS LABORATORY. DAY.

(MEGLOS IS LEANING  
FORWARD INTO THE  
SCREEN, OBSCURING  
OUR VIEW OF HIS  
PATIENT FACIAL  
HANDIWORK. BUT  
SOME SORT OF  
DELICATE MANIPULATION  
IS CLEARLY IN  
PROGRESS)

BROTADAC: (DEEPLY PUZZLED)  
This Meglos can bend Time?

GRUGGER: Right. Into a  
loop.

BROTADAC: I've never heard  
of that. Have you?

GRUGGER: What does it matter  
how it's done. The point is -  
the Doctor doesn't reach  
Tigella.

(MEGLOS LEANS BACK  
AND WE SEE THE  
SCREEN OVER HIS SHOULDER.)

THE FACE IN  
THE FROZEN  
FRAME IS STILL  
RECOGNISABLY  
THE EARTHLING'S,  
THOUGH DRAINED  
OF GREENNESS  
NOW. AND THERE  
IS SOMETHING  
FAMILIAR ABOUT  
THESE NEW EYES,  
THIS NOSE)

MEGLOS: But he does,  
gentlemen. He does.

(MEGLOS'S HAND  
PRESSES A  
BUTTON ON THE  
CONSOLE.

THE FRAME  
FLICKERS INTO  
MOTION AND WE  
WATCH A FAST  
PLAYBACK OF THE  
EARTHLING'S FACE  
DISSOLVING THROUGH  
SEVERAL QUICK  
STAGES INTO FEATURES  
THAT ARE  
UNCANNILY LIKE ...)

(TURNING ROUND) We mustn't  
disappoint the Tigellans.

(WE ARE LOOKING  
RIGHT INTO THE  
FACE OF THE  
DOCTOR!)

TELECINE 2:

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles:

END TELECINE

FADE OUT